

PORTICO

T H E
R A C E.

By MERCURIUS SPUR, *Esq;*
Authbert Shaw

W I T H
N O T E S.

By FAUSTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

With large ADDITIONS and ALTERATIONS.

Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum!

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, near Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn.

M D C C L X V I.

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ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

E puny things, who self-important sit
The sov'reign arbiters of monthly wit,
Y Who gnatling-like your stings around dispense,
And feed on excrements of sickly sense;
Ye gentle critics, whom by fancy led,
My Pegasus has kick'd upon the head,
Who, zealous to decry th' injurious strain,
While* common sense has bled at ev'ry vein,
Bewilder'd wander on, with ideot-Pride,
Without or Wit or Grammar for your guide,
Behold! again I blot th' invenom'd page,
Come, whet your tiny stings, exhaust your rage:

* In Justification of the author's severity, the reader is desired to attend to the Critical Review on the first edition of this Poem, where he will find comprised in a very narrow compass, a most wonderful variety of nonsense, both literal and metaphorical; where the Race is ingeniously discovered to be an imitation of Pope's Dunciad—Now the only circumstance, which has the least reference to that poem, is the hero's tumbling into a bog, which is, (as it is there acknowledged) an exact imitation of a passage in Homer, and was designed at the same time as a stroke of raillery on one of the instances where that immortal bard has nodded—This, the *set of Gentlemen* had not eyes to see, and are therefore excuseable. Dr. South reply'd to a gentleman who remonstrated to him from his bishop, that his sermons were too witty, "Pray present my humble duty to his lordship, and let him consider, if God Almighty had made him a wit he could not help it" these gentlemen certainly can't help their having neither genius nor literature; but block-heads may help commencing critics.

B

F. SCRIBLERUS.

*Here wreck your vengeance, here exert your skill,
 Let blust'ring K-n---k draw his raven's quill;
 My claims to genius let each dunce disown,
 And damn all strains more favour'd than their own.*

*Where Pegasus, who ambled at fifteen,
 No longer sporting on the rural green,
 Rampant breaks forth; now flies the peaceful plains,
 And bounds, impetuous, heedless of the reins,
 O'er earth's vast surface, madly scours along,
 Nor spares a critic gaping in the throng:
 *Truth rides behind, and prompts the wild career,
 And truth, my Guardian, what have I to fear?*

*Oh truth! thou sole director of my views,
 Whom yet I love far dearer than the muse,
 Teach me myself in ev'ry sense to know,
 Proof 'gainst th' injurious shafts of friend or foe.
 When smooth tongu'd flatterers my ears assail,
 May my firm soul disdain the fulsome tale;
 And ah! from pride thy votive bard defend,
 Tho' C---n---y smile, or C-----d commend:
 Unmov'd by squibs from all the scribbling throng,
 Whom thou proclaim'st the refuse of my song;
 Still may I safe between the danger steer,
 Of Scylla-flatt'ry, and Charybdis-fear.
 Those foes to Genius (should'st thou grant my claim!)
 Those wrecks alike of reason and of fame.*

* Perhaps some half-witted critic may perty enquire, why should truth ride behind, rather than before? soft and fairly: certainly every man has a right to ride foremost on his own Pegasus.

R A C E.

A I D me some honest sister of the nine,
Who ne'er paid court at flattery's fulsome shrine,
A youth enlighten with thy keenest fires,
Who dares proclaim whate'er the muse inspires.
By squint-ey'd prejudice, or love inclin'd,
No partial ties shall here enslave the mind :
Tho' fancy sport in fiction's pleasing guise,
Truth still conspicuous through the veil shall rise;
No bribe or stratagem shall here take place,
Tho' (strange to tell !)---the subject is a Race.

Unlike the Race which fam'd *Newmarket* boasts,
Where pimps are P---s' companions, whores their toasts,

Where

Where jockey-nobles, with groom-porters vye
 Who best can *hedge a bett*, or *cog a dye*.
 Nor like the Race, by ancient *Homer* told,
 No spears for prizes, and no cups of gold :
 A poets' Race, I sing---a poets' prize
 Who gold * and fighting equally despise.

To all the rhyming brethren of the quill
Fame sent her heralds to proclaim her will.

- " Since late her vot'ries in abusive lays
 " Had madly wrangled for the wreath of bays;
 " To quell at once this foul tumultuous heat,
 " The day was fix'd whereon each bard should meet.
 " Already had she mark'd the destin'd ground,
 " Where from the goal her eager sons should bound,
 " There, by the hope of future glory fed,
 " Prove by their heels the prowess of the head ;
 " And he, who fleetest ran, and first to fame,
 " The chaplet and the victory should claim.

* *Who gold and fighting*—The poverty of poets is a well known adage ; or to speak more poetically, their contempt of riches. They also seem providentially in all ages, to have possessed the most pacific tempers : no doubt, lest *their* lives should be endangered, whose labors are so conducive to the amusement of society. Horace confesses himself a coward.

Relicta non bene parmula, &c.

But the moderns are not quite so ingenuous.

Swift

Swift spread the grateful news thro' all the town,
 And every scribler thought the wreath his own.
 No corporal defect can now retard
 The one legg'd, short legg'd, or consumptive bard;
 Convinc'd that legs or lungs could make no odds
 'Twixt man and man, where goddesses or gods.
 Prefided judges ; sure to have decreed
 To dullness † crutches, and to merit speed.

To view the various candidates for fame,
 Bookfellers, printers, and their devils came..
 First *Becket* and *De Hondt* came hand in hand,
 And next came *Nourse* and *Millar* from the *Strand*;
 Here *Woodfall*---There the keen-ey'd *Scott* appears,
 And *Say* ‡ (oh ! wonderful !) with both his ears..
Morley the meagre, with *Moran* the fat
 And *Flexney* § with a favour in his hat..

† *To dullness*—The discerning reader will at once be sensible of the necessity of this proviso ; otherwise it is to be supposed, a poet with a wooden leg, or any bodily infirmity, would never have started.

‡ Mr. *Say*'s boldness in inserting any thing wrote in opposition even to ministerial measures, will render the meaning of this line sufficiently obvious to the intelligent reader.

§ Alluding to the custom of tenants wearing ribbons in their hats when the squire's horse wins the plate ; Mr. *Flexney*, our hero's publisher, does the same, from a strong presumption of his author's success.

‡ *Williams* and *Kearsey* now a-fresh begin
 'To curse the cruel walls that held 'em in.
 In rage around his shop poor *Owen* flies,
 Damning the *Chevalier*, who clos'd his eyes;
 "Oh! could he see, this day, the glorious strife,
 He'd grope contented all his future life."
 To Pater-noster-row the tidings reach
 And forth came *Johnny Coote* and *Dryden Leach*:
 Associates in each cause alike they share,
 Be it to print a *primer* or *Voltaire*;
 'Thus leagu'd, how sweet the friendly pence to earn,
 Like gentle *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern*. *
 But *Leach*, † where *Churchill* came, still cautious fled,
 Skulk'd thro' the croud and trembled for his head.

With his whole length of body scarce a span,
 Yet aping all the dignity of man,

‡ These two Gentlemen, at the time this poem was first published, were imprisoned for Publications that were deemed libellous.

* Two characters in *Hamlet*, where one never appears without the other.

† From a circumstance which Mr. *Leach* has the best reason to remember (as we hold feeling the most perfect of all the senses) the author must allow Mr. *Churchill* an exception to the general rule of poets being cowards, who for the most part, are fonder of laying on their blows with a pen than a cudgel; though we must confess 'tis a very cruel alternative, where a printer must either submit to have his head broke, or run the hazard of losing his ears.

Next *Vaillant* came ; erect his dwarfish mien,
 He perch'd on horseback, that he might be seen ;
 And vow'd with worshipful grimace * and din †,
 He'd back the peerless bard ‡ of *Lincoln's Inn*.

HIGH on a hill, enthron'd in stately pride,
 Appear'd the goddess ; while on either side
 Stood *Vice* and *Virtue*---harbingers of fame,
This stamps a good, and *that* an evil name.
 On flow'rs thick scatter'd o'er the mossy ground
 The nymphs of *Helicon* reclin'd around ;
 Here, while each candidate his claim preferr'd,
 In silent state the goddess sat and heard.

Not far from hence, across the path to fame,
 A horrid ditch appear'd---known by the name
 Of *Black Oblivion's Gulph*. In former days
 Here perish'd many a poet and his lays.

* *Worshipful grimace*—The reader is not to suppose Mr. *Vaillant* made faces, but only that he assumed the proper air and countenance of a worshipful magistrate.

† *Din*—No inglorious expression, as some may imagine ; witness the *din* of war—the *din* of arms, &c. therefore proper to be employed in any character of consequence.

‡ *Back the peerless bard*—A phrase common upon the *turf*, and consequently very applicable here.

Close by the margin of the fable flood
 Reviewers *Critical* and *Monthly* stood
 In terrible array, who dreadful frown,
 And arm'd with clubs, here knock poor authors down.
 Merit, alas! with them is no pretence,
 In vain the pleas of poesy or sense;
 All levell'd here; tho' some triumphant rise,
 Shake off the dirt, and seek their native skies.
 But strange! to *dullness* they deny the crown,
 And *damn* ev'n works as stupid as their own!
 Oh! be this rage for massacre withstood,
 Nor thus imbrue your hands in brother's blood!

Foremost, the spite of Hell upon his face,
 Stood the *Thersites* of the critic Race,
 Tremendous *Hamilton*! Of giant-strength,
 With Crabtree-staff full twice two yards in length.
 *Near *John o' Groat's* thatch'd Cot its parent stood,
 Alone for many a mile—itself a wood;
 Till *Archy* spy'd it, yet unform'd and wild,
 And robb'd the mother of her tallest child:
 Ill-omen'd Birds beheld with dire affright
 Their roost despoil'd, and ficken'd at the fight;

* The learned reader will not be surprized at this genealogy of the crabtree stick belonging to so illustrious a character as the Printer of the *Critical Review*—It is common, and Homer has often done the same, in regard to his Hero's swords and spears, &c.
 The

The ravens croak'd, pies chatter'd round his head,
 In vain,—he frown'd ; the birds in terror fled ;
 Perch'd on their thistles droop'd the mournful band :
Archy stalk'd off, the crab-tree in his hand.

Close wedg'd behind in rank and file were seen,
 From *Glasgow*, *Edinburgh* and *Aberdeen*,
 A troop of *Lairds* with scraps of *Latin* hung,
 Who came to teach *John Bull* his mother tongue.
 Poor *John* ! who must not judge whate'er he read,
 But wait for sentence from these sons of *Tweed*.

Now coward *Prudence*, in the Muse's ear
 Whispers—" How dar'st thou, Novice, persevere
 With headlong fury, to destruction prone,
 " * *Rouse sacred dulness* yawning on her throne!
 " Thus madly bold, dread'st not the Harpy's claw?
 " Thou, scarce a morsel for so vast a maw!
 " Soon shalt thou mourn thy ill-starr'd numbers curst."
 She scorns their malice, let 'em do their worst.
 Where *Phæbus* casts not an auspicious eye,
 The sick'ning numbers of themselves must die ;

* This alludes to a part of their criticism upon the Race above-mentioned, wherein they observe " the author has attacked booksellers, printers, and even Reviewers—oh ! Presumption ! attack Reviewers ! a set of gentlemen too ! we acknowledge the justice of this remark and submit to the lash.

But where true genius beams conspicuous forth,
 The candid few will justify its worth:
 Still as it flows encreasing in its course,
 Till like a river, with resistless force
 Rapid rolls down the torrent of applause;
 Then, struck with fear, each puny wretch withdraws,
 Meanly disclaims the paths he lately trod,
 * Belies himself and humbly licks the rod.

FIRST enter'd in the list the laureat bard,

And thus preferr'd his suit——‘ If due reward,
 ‘ Goddess ador’d, to merit thou assign,
 ‘ Whose verse so smooth, whose claim so just as mine;
 ‘ To thee my cause I trust; Oh lend me wings,
 ‘ Shew *wit* and *sack* to be consistent things,
 ‘ And that he rhymes the best who rhymes for Kings.”

Lur’d by a sober honest thirst for fame,
 A--β---g appear’d to lay his lawful claim,

* Every ingenuous mind must conceive the utmost contempt for modern criticism, by looking back on the treatment of the late Mr. *Churchill*, where we find the very critics who, at his first appearance in public, would scarce allow him the least pretensions to genius, disavowing their former proceedings, and meanly courting his friendship. See the *Critical Review* about that period.

A--fl---g, whose muse has taught the youth to prove
 † The sweet œconomy of *health* and *love*.
 But when he saw what spleen each bosom fir'd,
 Forth from the field he modestly retired.

Not so repuls'd nor overaw'd with shame,
 Next *Hill* stood forth a darling child of fame;
 But, as to *Justice*, *Fame* herself must bow,
 The poets' bays shall never deck his brow:
 Else, who, like *Hill*, can save a sickly age,
 Like him arrest the hand of death with *sage** ?
 But † *this the ancients never knew*, or sure
 They ne'er had died while *sage* remain'd a cure.
 Oh, matchless *Hill* ! if aught the muse foresee
 Of things conceal'd in dark futurity,

† *The sweet œconomy*—This gentleman has obliged the public with two poetical pieces, the one entitled, *The OEconomy of Love*, the other *Health*—in which he has displayed great abilities, both in sentiment and diction.

* *Sage*—'Tis impossible to express the obligations of the public to the author of this discovery. We learn that the ancients had indeed the art of restoring youth, by cutting the party to pieces, and boiling them in a kettle—but certainly the horror of so dismal a process (could the art be revived) might deter a person of a moderate share of courage, from receiving the benefit of it. But Dr. *Hill* has removed the scruples of the most timorous, and has promised all the good effects of so dreadful an experiment, in a discovery both simple and palatable.

† A favourite expression of Dr. *Hill's* in all his advertisements, is '*the ancients knew this—the Greeks knew this, &c. &c.*'

Death's

Death's triumph by thy skill shall soon be o'er,
 Hence dire disease and pain shall be no more ;
 'Tis thine to save whole nations from his maw,
 By some new *Tincture* of a *Barley-straw*.

He bow'd and spoke---“ Oh goddess heav'nly fair,

‘ To thy own *Hill* now shew a mother's care,

‘ If I go unrewarded hence away,

‘ What bard will court thee on a future day ?

‘ Who toils like me thy temple to unlock,

‘ By *Moral Essays*, *Rhime*, and *Water-dock* ?

‘ With perseverance who like me could write

‘ *Inspector* on *Inspector*, night by night,

‘ Supplying still with unexhausted head,

‘ Till every reader slumber'd as he read.

‘ No longer then my lawful claim delay.”

* She smil'd---*Hill* simper'd, and went pleas'd away.

Next *Dodgley* spoke---“ A bookfeller and bard

‘ May sure with justice claim the first regard.

‘ A double merit's surely his, that's wont

‘ To make the fiddle, and then play upon't ;

* As the reader may perhaps ascertain within himself the future success of Dr. *Hill*, from the smile of the goddess, he is desired to suspend his judgment, and consider that there are smiles of contempt as well as of approbation.

‘ But

- ‘ But more, to prove beyond a doubt my claim,
- ‘ Behold the work on which I build my fame !
- ‘ Search every tragic scene of *Greece* and *Rome*,
- ‘ From ancient *Sophocles* to modern *Hume* ;
- ‘ Examine well the conduct, diction, plan,
- ‘ And match, then match *Cleone*, if you can.
- ‘ A father wretched---husband wretched more---
- ‘ A harmless baby welt’ring in its gore ;
- ‘ Such dire distress as ne’er was seen before !
- ‘ Such sad complaints and tears, and heart-felt throes,’
- ‘ Sorrows so *wet* * and *dry*, such mighty woes,
- ‘ Too big for utterance e’en in tragic *obs* !”

Next *Smollet* came. What author dare resist
Historian, critic, bard, and novellist ?

- ‘ To reach thy temple, honour’d *Fame*, he cry’d,
- ‘ Where, where’s an avenue I have not tryed ?
- ‘ But since the glorious present of to-day
- ‘ Is meant to grace alone the poet’s lay,
- ‘ My claim I wave to ev’ry art beside
- ‘ And rest my plea upon the *Regicide*. †

* In perusing the above piece, the readers may observe the different effects of grief here mentioned, where one character complains of being drowned in tears, and another that he cannot shed any.

† A Tragedy written by Dr. S. and printed by subscription, but never acted. See *Companion to the Playhouse*, Vol. I.

† * * * * *

‘ But if, to crown the labors of my muse
 ‘ Thou, inauspicious, should’st the wreath refuse,
 ‘ Whoe’er attempts it in this scribbling Age,
 ‘ Shall feel the *Scottish* pow’rs of *Critic* rage ;
 ‘ Thus spurn’d, thus disappointed of my aim,
 ‘ I’ll stand a bugbear in the road to *Fame* ;
 ‘ Each future minion’s infant hopes undo,
 ‘ And blast the budding honors of his brow.”

He said---and grown with future vengeance big,
 * Grimly he shook his scientific wig.

To clinch the cause, and fuel add to fire,
 Behind came *Hamilton*, his trusty squire.
 A while *he* paus’d, revolving the disgrace,
 And gath’ring all the horrors of his face ;
 Then rais’d his head, and turning to the croud,
 Burst into bellowings, terrible and loud.

‘ Hear my resolve, and first by G— I swear——
 ‘ By *Smollet*, and his gods ; whoe’er shall dare

* Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

VIRGIL.

† The reader is to suppose that these asterisks must certainly mean something of the utmost consequence——It is exactly of the same kind with the blank page in *Tristram Shandy*.

* With him this day for glorious fame to vie
 * Sous'd in the bottom of the ditch shall lie,
 * And know, the world no other shall confess
 * Whilst I have crabtree, life, or letter-press."
 Scar'd at the menace, *authors* fearful grew,
 Poor *Virtue* trembled, and e'en † *Vice* look'd blue.

Next *Wilkes* appear'd, vain hoping the reward,
 A glorious patriot, an inglorious bard,
 Yet erring, shot far wide of *Freedom's* mark,
 And rais'd a flame, in putting out a spark :
 Near to the throne, with silent step he came,
 To whisper in her ear his filthy claim ;
 But (ruin to his hopes !) behind stood near,
 With fix'd attention and a greedy ear,
 A sneaking *Priest*, who heard, and to the croud.
 Blab'd, with *most grievous* zeal, the tale aloud.
 The peaceful *Nine*, whom nothing less could vex,
 Flew on the vile assassin of the sex,

† As *pale* is an epithet that characterises the fear of mortals, the author has made use of the *Pectica Licentia*, in making a goddess turn blue.

Difown'd all knowledge of his brutal lays,

* And scratch'd the front intended for the *bays*.

Here *Johnson* comes---unblest with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face,
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain)
To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frighted to the nurse's breast.
With looks convuls'd, he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The *Nine*, with terror struck, who ne'er had seen
Aught human with so horrible a mien,
Debating, whether they should stay or run---
Virtue steps forth, and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;

* A poet enamour'd of obvious similes, would certainly have compared this action for the honor of the sex, to an outrage often committed by the female mobility, from a motive still more interesting—but our author has declined the comparison, out of respect to the virgin-delicacy of the *Muses*, and the reader will furthermore observe, that their fingers rove no lower than his forehead.

But wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
 Since *Fame* resolv'd his various pleas to crown,
 Tho' forc'd his present claim to disavow,
 Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
 He bows ; obeys---for *Time* shall first expire,
 E'er *Johnson* stay, when *Virtue* bids retire.

Next *Murphy* silence broke---' Oh ! goddess fair
 ' To whom I still prefer my daily pray'r ;
 ' For whose dear sake I've scratch'd my drowsy head,
 ' And robb'd alike the living and the dead ;
 ' Stranger to fear, have plung'd thro' thick and thin,
 ' And *Fleet-ditch Virgins* dragg'd to *Lincolns-Inn* ;
 ' Smile on my hopes, thy favor let me share,
 ' And shew mankind *Hibernia* boasts thy care.'

Here stopt he---interrupted quick by *Jones*,
 A poet, rais'd from mortar, brick and stones ;
 ' Goddess, he cries, reject *his pitch-patch work*,
 ' † *He was a butter-seller's boy at Cork* ;
 ' On me bestow the prize, on me, who came
 ' From my dear country in pursuit of fame :
 ' For thus advis'd *Mæcenas*, (best of men)
 " *Jones*, drop the trowel, and assume the pen ;

† See the *Picklock*, a scurrilous Poem.

" The muses thrive not in this barren soil,
 " Come, seek with me, fair *Albion's* happier isle ;
 " There shall the theatres increase thy store,
 " And *Essex* bleed to make thy purse run o'er."
 ' Thus have I fondly left the mason's care
 ' To build imaginary tow'rs i' th' air ;
 ' Then, since my golden hopes have prov'd a cheat,
 ' * Oh give him *Fame*, whom *Fate* forbids to eat,
 ' This, this at least to me forlorn supply,
 I'll live contented on a farthing pye.

Next in the train advanc'd a *Highland-lad*,
 Arrayed in brogues and *Caledonian* plaid,
 Surrounded by his countrymen, while loud
 The † *British Homer*, rang thro' all the croud,

* It is a mortification to which the professed patrons of merit must ever be liable, to have their benevolence abused, and their hopes deceived—but great souls have no limits, or rather disdain any; which is well exprest by *Voltaire*.

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
 Même au moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
 Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
 Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingrats.

† There is indeed an air of *originality*, which, to a *literary virtuoso*, renders *Fingal* worthy of notice. But I am afraid the *North-Britons* cannot easily be acquitted of national partiality ; who, instead of a bonnet and thistle, which would have been no incompetent reward, have insisted on his right to a crown of *laurel*.

Then

Then he with mickle pride and uncouth air
His bonnet doff'd, and thus preferr'd his pray'r.

‘ Oh *Fame* regard me with propitious eyes,
‘ Give me to seize this long contested prize ;
‘ In *Epic* lines I shine, the king of verse ;
‘ From torn and tatter'd scraps of ancient *Erfé*,
‘ 'Tis mine a perfect pile to raise, for all
‘ Must own the wond'rous structure of *Fingal* !'
No less a miracle, than if a *Turk*
A *Mosque* should raise up of mosaic work.

Next *Mallet* came, *Mallet* who knows each art,
The ear to tickle, and to sooth the heart ;
Who, with a goose-quill, like a magic rod,
Transforms a *Scottish* peer into a *God*.
Oh ! matchless *Mallet*, by one stroke to clear,
One lucky stroke, four hundred pounds a year !
Long round a court poor *Gay* dependant hung,
(And yet most ‡ trimly has the poet sung)
Twice six revolving years vain-hoping past.
And unrewarded went away at last.

‡ He told me once upon a day,
Trim are thy sonnets gentle *Gay*.

GAY.

Again

Again dame Prudence checks the madd'ning strain,
And thus advises, wisely, tho' in vain.

“ Ah *Spur!* enlisted in a luckless cause,
“ Who pelf despising, seeks for vain applause,
“ Thy will how stubborn, and thy wit how small
“ To think a muse can ever thrive on *Gall!*
“ Then timely throw thy venom'd shafts aside,
“ Chuse out some fool blown up with pow'r and pride —
“ Be flattery thy *arrow*, this thy *Butt*,
“ And praise the *Devil* for his cloven foot.”

The counsel's good---but how shall I subscribe,
Who scorn to flatter, and detest a bribe?

* * * * *

In voice most weak, in sentiment most strong,
Like *Milton* murder'd in an *Eunuch's* song,
With honesty no malice e'er cou'd shame,
'With prejudices hunger ne'er could tame,
With judgment sometimes warp'd, but oft refin'd,
Next *Cleland* came---the champion of mankind!
Who views, contented with his little state,
Wealth squander'd by the partial hand of fate.
And, whilst dull rogues' the joys of life partake,
Lives, a great patriot---on a *mutton steak!*

Dreaming

Dreaming of genius, which he never had,
 Half-wit, half-fool, half-critic and half-mad ;
 Seizing, like *Sbirley*, on the poet's lyre,
 With all the rage, but not one spark of fire ;
 Eager for slaughter, and resolv'd to tear
 From others' brows that wreath he must not wear,
 Next *Kenrick* came ; all-furious, and replete
 With brandy, malice, pertness and conceit.
 Unskill'd in classic lore, thro' envy blind
 To all that's beauteous, learned or refin'd,
 For faults alone behold the savage prowl,
 With reason's offal glut his rav'ning soul,
 Pleas'd with his prey its inmost blood he drinks,
 And mumbles, paws, and turns it——till it stinks.

Erect he stood, nor deign'd one bow to fame,
 Then bluntly thus —— '*Will Kenrick* is my name,
 ' Who are these minions crouding to thy fane ?
 ' Poets ! 'Pshaw ! scriblers, impotent and vain ;
 ' The chaplet's mine——I claim it, who inherit
 ' * *Dennis's* rage, and *Milbourne's* glorious spirit.'

* *Dennis* and *Milbourne*, two things called *Critics*, damn'd to immortality for being the persecutors of *Dryden* and *Pope*.

Struck with amazement, Fame, who ne'er had seen
 A face so brazen and so pert a mein,
 Calmly reply'd, ' Vain-boaster, go thy way,
 ' And prove more furious and more dull than they.'

Then *Brown* appear'd——with such an air he mov'd,
 As shew'd him confident and self approv'd.
 Poor injur'd, honour'd *Pope* ! the bard on thee
 * Has clapp'd a rusty *lock* without a *key* :
 Thus when enraptur'd we attempt to rove
 Thro' all the sweets of thy *Pierian* grove,
 The gate alas ! is strongly barr'd ; and all
 That taste the sweets must climb the rugged wall.

Rev'rent he bow'd, and thus address'd the throne,
 ' One boon, oh ! grant me, and the day's my own !
 ' When the shrill trumpet calls the rival train
 ' To scour with nimble feet the dusty plain,
 ' Let not the dread professor *Lowth* appear
 ' To freeze thy vot'ry's shiv'ring soul with fear,

* Alluding to the *Essay on Satire* prefixed to the 2d. vol. of *Pope's* works, which the reader of no discernment might mistake for the production of that immortal genius, unless he is lucky enough to stumble upon the title page. It has often been a matter of astonishment, how it came there ? as there is no such privilege in Mr. *Pope's* will, bequeathed to the editor, together with the property of his works.

- Tear the fine form, perhaps, of all I've writ,
- And drown me in a deluge of his wit.

Next *Vaugh'n* appear'd, he smil'd, and strok'd his chin,
And pleas'd to think his carcass was so thin,
So moulded for the Race, while self-dubb'd worth
Beam'd from his eyes, he hem'd---and thus held forth :

- Goddess, your slave——'tis true I draw the quill,
- * Sometimes thro' *anger*, not to shew my skill,
- Yet all must own, spite of the † *Bear's* report,
- There's obvious merit in my keen *Retort*;
- Tho' *Flexney* (oh ! his ignorance confound !)
- Sells its contents to *Grocers* by the pound,
- And, deaf to genius, and its pleas to fame,
- Puts it to purposes —— unfit to name.
- Then since no *profit* from the muse I draw,
- You can't refuse me *praise*, and so your ta—— !"

* *Facit Indignatio Versus.* Let no one pretend to say that even anger has not its good effects, since we owe the immortal works both of a *Juvenal* and a *Vaughan*, to their being roused by a spirit of resentment.

† A name by which the late Mr. *Churchill* was distinguished, on account, as we suppose, of the rough manner in which he handled the gentle bards who were so unlucky as to come within reach of his *poetical paws*.

The

The goddess laugh'd—and who could well contain?
To see such foplings skip around her fane?

Next *Churchill* came—his face proclaim'd a heart,
That scorn'd to wear the smooth address of art,
Strongly mark'd out that firm unconquer'd soul,
Which nought on earth could bias or controul.
He bow'd---when all sneer at his want of grace §,
And uncouth form, ill-fuited to the Race;
Whilst he contemptuous smil'd on all around,
And thus address'd her in a † voice profound.

‘ Goddess, these gnatlings move not me at all,
‘ I come by just decrees to stand or fall.
‘ When first the daring bard aspires to sing,
‘ To check the fallies of his infant wing,
‘ Critics not only try (your pardon, *Fame*,
‘ To you a stranger is the *Critic*’s name)

§ *Want of grace*—Not spiritual grace, but grace in making a bow; or if the reader must be let into the secret, this may refer to the cavils of the critics in general against the unharmoniousness of his numbers.

† *Voice profound*—Mr. *Churchill*, as a scholar, is here supposed well acquainted with that general maxim in oratory, *Loquere ore rotundo*, which is here rendered a voice profound.

‘ Critics,

- But every blockhead, who pretends to write,
- Would damp his vigour, and retard his flight.
- Critics, oh *Fame!* are *things* compos'd between
- The two ingredients, *Ignorance* and *Spleen* ;
- Who, like the *Daw*, wou'd infamously tear
- The shining plumes they see another wear,
- That thus unfeather'd by these wretched elves,
- All may appear as naked as themselves.

- Hard is the task in such a cause t' engage
- With fools and knaves eternal war to wage,
- By fears or partial feelings unsubstu'd,
- To hurl defiance at so vast a croud ;
- To stand the teizing of their little spleen,
- So oft to clear the witling-crouded scene ;
- From vice and folly tear the foul disguise,
- And crush at once the Hydras as they rise.
- Yet on I will —unaw'd by slavish fears,
- Till gain'd the glorious point, or lost my ears.

Next from the *Temple* six poetic cubs,
 With him whose humble muse delights in *Shrubs*,
 And commentator *Fawkes*—let *Woty* tell,
 Alone who sees, how much he can excel,

H

Who

Who wipes all doubts from sacred texts away,
 Clear as the skies upon a misty day ;
 Bard, Critic, and Divine——with upturn'd eyes
 Dejected *Virtue* to the goddess cries,
 “ *What ways and means for raising the supplies !*”

Awhile demurring who should move the *pleas*,
Fawkes claim'd the right, from having ta'en *degrees* ;
 ‘ Combin'd, dear *Woty*, sure we ne'er can fail,
 ‘ I'll speak——do thou hold up the cassock's tail.”
 He hem'd——then haw'd——then bow'd, and thus began ;
 ‘ Oh ! *Fame* propitious view the friendly plan :
 ‘ See *Law* on *Gospel*, cast a social look,
 ‘ And *Moses* side with *Lyttleton* and *Coke* :
 ‘ Let not a partnership unknown before
 ‘ In vain for favor and the bays implore ;
 ‘ But guide thy vot'ry's feet across the plain,
 ‘ While gentle *Woty* bears the sable train ;
 ‘ And crown'd with conquest, amply to reward
 ‘ So mean an office in so great a bard,
 ‘ Six days in seven I'll the wreath resign,
 ‘ Only on *Sundays* be its honors mine.

Rev'rent

Rev'rent he bow'd—then *Bickerstaff* advanc'd,
 His *Sing-Song-Muse*, by vast success enhanc'd ;
 Who, when fair *Wright*, destroying reason's fence,
 Inveigles our applause in spite of sense,
 With Syren-voice our juster rage confounds,
 And cloaths sweet nonsense in delusive sounds,
 Pertly commends the judgment of the town,
 And arrogates the merit as his own ;
 Talks of his taste ! how well each air was hit !
 While *Printers* and their *Devils* praise his wit ;
 And wrap'd in warm furtout of self-conceit
 Defies the critic's cold, and poet's heat.

He ey'd the rabble round, and thus began :
 ‘ Goddess, I wonder at the pride of man ;
 ‘ Fellows, whose accents never yet have hung
 ‘ On skilful *Beard's* or *Brent's* harmonious tongue,
 ‘ Dare here approach, * *who chatter like a parrot,*
 ‘ * *But hardly know a sheep's-head from a carrot.*
 ‘ Whose tasteless lines ne'er grac'd a royal stage
 ‘ Nor charm'd a tuneful crotchety-loving age !

* See *Love in a Village*, an Opera.

- ‘ Prove then, oh ! Goddess, to my labors kind,
- ‘ And let these sons of *Dullness* lag behind,
- ‘ Whilst * *boity toity, whisky frisky*, I
- ‘ On ballad-wings spring forth to victory.’

So sure !——but justice stops thee in thy flight,
 And damns thy labours to eternal night.
 Brands that success which boasts no just pretence
 To genius, judgment, wit or common sense ;
 But, who for taste shall dare prescribe the laws,
 Or stop the torrent of the mob’s applause ?

- In thought ‡ *sublim’d*, next *Elphinston* came forth,
 And thus harrangu’d the Goddess on his worth.
- ‘ ’Tis mine oh ! *Fame*, full fraught with *attic* lore,
 - ‘ Long-lost pronunciation to restore,
 - ‘ Of letters to reform each vile abuse,
 - ‘ And bring the *Grecian* † *kappa* into use.

* See *Love in a Village*.

‡ A favourite word of this author—See *Education a Poem*.

† Mr. *Elphinston* intends shortly to lay before the public his reasons for giving C always the sound of the *Grecian kappa*, which will certainly give a softness and dignity to the expression of many other words in our language, as well as this instanced by the author.

‘ *Tully*

- ‘ *Tully* once more his proper name shall know,
 ‘ Restor’d its ancient found of *Kikero*.
 ‘ First from my native tongue ’tis mine t’ expel
 ‘ The superfluities of *E* † and *L* :
 ‘ T’ unveil the long conceal’d recess of truth.
 ‘ And teach betimes to bend the pliant youth ;
 ‘ To point the means of proper recreation
 ‘ And prove no ‡ *whetter equals emulation* :
 ‘ In song didactic as I move, to draw
 ‘ The || proper rules for *study* and for *Taw* ;
 ‘ In taste for sacred writings to refine us,
 ‘ And § shew the odds ’twixt *Daniel* and *Longinus* ;
 ‘ To criticize, instruct, and prove in metre
 ‘ *Tully’s* * a perfect blockhead to *St. Peter* :
 ‘ Deign then, O *Fame*, † *to satisfy my lore*,
 ‘ Who’ve wrote as mortal man ne’er wrote before,

† For where thou liv’st I live, where di’st I dy,
 Joint as we stand, unsevered shall we ly. *Education.*
 Nor boasted selfish dulness social flame. *ibid.*

‡ Some plea might urge clandestine education,
 But where’s a whetter like my emulation? *ibid.*

|| Nay daign a tender smile on humble taw. *ibid.*

§ Hail *Daniel* ! with the captive victors three !
 How is *Longinus* self to them and thee ? *ibid.*

* Ne’er shall keen *Tully* catch a *Peter’s* fire. *ibid.*

† —————satisfy her lore,
 With pleasing food, but let her pant for more. *ibid.*

- Broke thro' all pedant rules of mood and tenſe,
- And nobly ſoar'd beyond the reach of ſenſe."

He bow'd—then *Arne* ſwift bolted thro' the throng
Renown'd for all the various pow'rs of ſong :
Sweet as the *Thracian's*, whoſe melodious woe
Mov'd the ſtern tyrant of the ſhades below ;
Or that, by which the faithleſs *Syren* charms,
And woos the ſailor ſhipwreck'd in her arms :
Soft as the notes which *Phæbus* did employ
To raiſe the glories of ill-fated *Troy* ;
Or thoſe which baniſh'd *Reaſon* could recal,
And bring the *Devil* cap'ring out of *Saul*.

But not contented with his crotchet-praiſe,
Lo ! he adventures for the poet's *Bays* !

No more is genius rear'd, in claſſic ſchools,
But falls like *Fortune*, on the heads of fools :
Dull *Dogmas* thunder'd from the pedant's mouth,
No more ſhall tire the ear-belabour'd youth ;
Since bards now ſpring without the pains of *laſhing*,
Like *Arne* and *Duck*, from *ſidling* and from *thraſhing*.

" Oh ! *Fame*, he cries, with kind attention hear
• The cauſe, why I thy candidate appear."

• E'er

- ‘ E’er yet *th’ outwitted Guardian* crawl’d to light
- ‘ † Four smother’d brats I doom’d to endless night;
- ‘ Abashed, lest any thing less fair should prove
- ‘ Unworthy *Arne*, and thy maternal love.
- ‘ But here behold a babe, to whom belong
- ‘ The double gifts of eloquence and song;
- ‘ Who, not like other infants born or bred,
- ‘ Sprung forth, like *Pallas*, from its daddy’s head.
- ‘ On me then, *Fame*, oh! let thy favours fall,
- ‘ And shew that *Tommy Arne* outwits ’em all.

Here *Fr-----s* rais’d his head, tho’ last not least,
 A wanton poet, and a solemn priest;
 By turns thro’ life, each character we mark,
 A priest by day, a poet in the dark:
 Yet each at will the *Proteus* can forsake,
 Now politician, now commences rake,
 Nay worse——(if fame say true) panders for love,
 And acts the *Merc’ry* to a lustful *Jove*.

† See the Preface to the *Guardian Outwitted*.

Now grave he fits, and checks th' unhallow'd jest,
 Whilst his sage precepts cool each am'rous breast ;
 Now strips the priest's disguise, awakes desire,
 Tells the lewd tale, and fans the dying fire :
 All poz'd, despair his character to paint,
 And wonder how the dev'l they lost the saint !

Next from the different theatres came forth
 A score at least, of self-sufficient worth,
 Each claims the chaplet, or protests his wrong,
 A prologue *this* had wrote, and *that* a song ;
 Forth from the crowd a general hissing flies,
 To see such triflers arrogate the prize,
 But fully bent this day the Goddess came,
 To hear with patience every coxcomb's claim.

Here endless groups on groups from ev'ry street,
Popes, Shakespears, Johnsons—in their own conceit,
 With hopes elate advance, and ardor keen,
 Whom not one muse had ever heard or seen ;
 Who still write on, tho' hooted and disgrac'd,
 And damn the public for their want of taste.

Oh ! *Vanity*, whose far extended sway
 Nations confess, and potentates obey,

How

How vast thy reign!---Say, where, oh! where's the man
 His own defects who boldly dares to scan,
 Just to himself? — Ev'n now, whilst I incline
 To paint the vot'ries kneeling at thy shrine,
 Whilst others follies freely I impart,
 Thy pow'r resistless flutters round my heart,
 Prompts me this common weakness to disclose,
 (* Myself the very coxcomb I expose.)
 And, ah! too partial to my lays and me!
 My kind---yet cruel friends---soon shall you see
 The *Culprit-Muse*, whose idle sportive vein
 No views can bias, and no fears restrain,
 (Thus female-thieves, tho' threaten'd with disgrace
 Must still be fing'ring dear forbidden *Lace*)
 Dragg'd without mercy to that awful bar
 Where *Spleen* with *Genius* holds eternal war,
 And there, her final ruin to fulfil,
 Condemn'd by *Butchers*, pre-resolv'd to kill;

* A very ingenuous declaration it must be acknowledged, and I dare venture to pronounce our author the first who ever made it, and in all probability the last who ever will—The antients all run into the contrary extreme:

See *Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. &c.*

In vain her youth shall for compassion plead,

Ev'n for a *Syllable* the wretch shall bleed,

And 'spite of all the friendship you can shew,

Be made a public spectacle of woe.

But hold, tho' sentenc'd—manners ; and be mute—

Derrick appears to move his *kingly* suit.

' Goddess, I come not here for fame to vie,

' (A master of the ceremonies I)

' Since re-inthron'd at *Bath* I now appear,

' This day appoint me to that station here ;

' In nicest order, I'll conduct the whole,

' All riot and indecency controul,

' For know, this pigmy * frame contains a mighty soul.'

' Nay, let me urge a more important claim,

' 'Twas I first gave the strumpet's † list to fame,

' Their age, size, qualities, if brown or fair,

' Whose breath was sweetest, whose the brightest hair,

' Display'd each various dimple, smile and frown,

' Pimp-*Generalissimo* to all the town !

* *Ingentes animos exercent in corpore parvo.*

Virgil.

† A most infamous Pamphlet, entitled *Harris's List*.

' From this what vast advantages accrue!
 ' Thus each may chuse the maid of partial hue;
 ' Know to whose bed he has the best pretensions,
 ' And buy the Venus of his own *dimensions*.

' Nor yet a stranger to the tuneful Nine,
 ' Songs, prologues, and meand'ring odes are mine;
 ' Such *Jeu d'Esprit*, as best becomes a king,
 ' And gentle epigrams—without a sting;
 ' The fam'd *Domitian* still before my eyes,
 ' Who ne'er for pastime, murder'd aught but flies;
 ' Nay—let my muse boast gentler sport than he,
 ' Since fly or gnat was never hurt by me,
 ' By me, tho' seated in monarchial state,
 ' And, spite of *Harrington*, whose will is fate.'

Here rais'd the little *Monarch* on his toe,
 And smil'd contempt on printer's boys below.

He spoke---the Goddess thus reply'd---“ My son
 “ 'Tis time the business of the day were done,
 “ Enjoy what thou demand'st---up yonder tree
 “ Climb expeditious, that the croud may see

This

" This flag, the signal to begin, hang out,

" And quell the tumult of the rabble rout.

" But stay--methinks while round the field I gaze

" Amid the various claimants for the bays,

" One fav'rite bard escapes my notice---fay,

" My dear *Melpomene*, on such a day,

" Why is not thy beloved *Sbenstone* here?"

The muse was silent---fobb'd---and drop'd a tear.

And now the trumpet's sound, by *Fame's* command
Proclaims the hour of starting is at hand.

Now, round the goal the various heroes press,

While hope and fear alternately possess

Each anxious breast! in order here they rise,

And panting stand impatient for the prize:

Scarce can they wait till *Derrick* takes his place,

And waves the flag, as signal for the *Race*.

But lo!--a croud upon the plain appear

With *Descaizeau* slow-pacing in the rear!

Mason and *Thompson*, *Ogilvy* and *Hayes*,

And he whose hand has pluck'd a sprig of bays,

* On

* On *Rhetia's* barren hills---cnward they move;
 But now too late their various pow'rs to prove,
 Some future day may fair occasion yield
 To weigh their sev'ral merits in the field :
 For see ! the bards, with expectation rife,
 Stand stript, and ready for the glorious strife ;
 And monarch *Derrick* would attempt in vain
 Their furious ardor longer to restrain.

The flag display'd, promiscuous forth they bound,
 † And shake with clatt'ring feet the powder'd ground,
 Equal in flight there *two* dispute the race
 With envious strife, and measure pace for pace.
 Straight all is uproar and tumultuous din ;
This tumbles down, another breaks his shin ;
That ‡ swears his puffing neighbour stinks of *Gin*.

* See the *Traveller*, a Poem.

† Left some malevolent critic, reviewing critic, or critical reader, (as all readers, now-a-days, are critics) should tax the author with plagiarism, he thinks it prudent to enter his caveat, by declaring he had that famous line of *Virgil* in his eye,

Quadrupetante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,
 with this difference, that his animals have four feet, and these but two.

‡ *tinks of Gin*—Many of our readers cannot but remember; in a late literary quarrel, how the authors attacked one another for frequenting brothels, smoaking, and dram-drinking; to which this circumstance alludes.

Each jostles each, a wrangling, madding train,
While loud, *To Order*, *Derrick* calls in vain.
Stuck fast in mire here some desponding lay,
And, grinning, yield the glories of the day.
For, maugre all primeval bards have sung,
Steep is the road to Fame, and clogg'd with dung.

Borne on the wings of hope now *Murphy* flies,
Vain hope ! for fate the wish'd-for boon denies ;
Arriv'd, where scavengers, the night before,
Had left their gleanings from the *common shore*,
With head retorted, as he fearful spy'd
The giant *Churchill* thund'ring at his side,
Sudden he tript and piteous to tell !
§ Prone in the filth the hapless poet fell.

‘ Distanc’d, by G— ! roars out a rustic ’squire,
‘ He must *give out*, thus sours’d in dung and mire.”

§ *Hapless poet fell*—The very same misfortune happens to *Oile n Ajax*, in the *Iliad*, who also makes a speech to the same effect :

Accursed fate, the conquest I forego,
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe !
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way ;
And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses*, won the day.

A noble precedent, and sufficient for authorizing so low an incident in this poem.

Lord

Lord M--- replies, ' I'll hold you fix to ten,
' Spite of the t---d, he'll rise and run again.'

A burst of laughter echoes all around,
While, sputt'ring dirt, and scrabbling from the ground,
' Cease, fools, your mirth, nor sneer at my disgrace ;
' This cursed *bog*, not *Churchill*, won the race ;
' And sure, who such disasters can foresee,
' Must be a greater Conjuror than me."

While *Churchill*, careless, triumphs in his fall,
Up to the gulph his jaded rivals crawl ;
Here some the watchful harpies on the shore
Plunge in---ah ! destin'd to return no more---
While others wond'ring, view them as they sink,
And scar'd, stand quiv'ring on the dreadful brink.

Now rous'd the Hero by the trumpet's sound,
Turns from his rueful foe, and stares around ;
No bard he views behind---but all have past
Him, heedless of their flight, and now the last.
Stung at the thought with double force he springs,
Rage gives him strength, and emulation wings :
The ground regain'd---' Stand clear (he sternly said)
' Who bars my passage, horror on his head.'---

Unhappy

Unhappy *Dapper*! doom'd to meet thy fate,
 Why heard'st thou not the menace, e'er too late!
 Fir'd with disdain, he spurn'd the witling's breech,
 And headlong hurl'd him in *Oblivion's* ditch;
 Then instant bounding high with all his main,
 O'erleap'd its utmost bounds, and scour'd along the plain.

Sour critics, frowning, view'd him as he fled;
Spite bit her nails, and *Dulness* scratch'd her head.
 The gulph once past, no obstacle remains,
 Smooth is the path, 'midst flow'r-enamel'd plains;
 Unrival'd now, with joyful speed he flies,
 Performs the destin'd race, and claims the prize.
Fame gives the chaplet, while the tuneful Nine
 Th' acknowledg'd victor hail in notes divine.

Smollet stood grumbling by the fatal ditch;
Hill call'd the goddess Whore, and *Jones* a Bitch;
 Each curs'd the partial judgment of the day,
 And, greatly disappointed, sneak'd away.

F I N I S.